

OH BOY! HAVE YOU HEARD THE BLACK H...
ON WOR-MUTUAL NETWORK! TUNE I

NO.

41

TOP-NOTCH

NO

10¢

Laugh

comics

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

OUCH!! GOL'DARN THESE
HYAR NEW FANGLED
MILKIN' MACHINES!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Triple

INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE

POLICY PAYS MAXIMUM BENEFITS

\$3,000.00

costs only \$1 a month

LOOK AHEAD!

BE WISE—BE CONSIDERATE!

Don't condemn those you love to struggle and hardship when you pass on! Foresight may prevent heartbreak and suffering, so be wise . . . PREPARE NOW to assure the comfort and well-being of those near and dear to you! You may do so easily and economically with a TRIPLE INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, reliably backed by strong Legal Reserves. *Be wise! Look ahead!*

ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY MAY EASE THE BURDEN FOR YOUR LOVED ONES!

A difficult readjustment period often follows the loss of a loved one. It is even harder when finances are uncertain. But a dependable TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy can be a vital help in such time of distress with CASH Benefits of as much as \$3,000.00! Yet, this remarkable protection costs only \$1 a month—*just a few pennies a day!*

NO RED TAPE!

The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy is surprisingly easy to own! All persons in good health between the ages of 1 day and 70 years are eligible to make application. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. All business is done by mail. No Agent will call . . . No Collectors.

FREE INSPECTION!

See for yourself the very generous Benefits provided by this Policy! During the 10 day FREE Inspection period, you are privileged to give the actual Policy a thorough, careful examination before making your final decision.

SEND NO MONEY!

You are requested not to send a single penny at this time. Just be sure to mail the coupon or write for FREE Information. Tomorrow may be too late—WRITE TODAY!

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
8190 Times Building • Rockford, Illinois

5-POINT PROTECTION

Pays for
LOSS of LIFE

Due to

- 1—Natural Causes . . .
- 2—All Sicknesses . . .
- 3—Ordinary Accidents . . .
- 4—Auto Accidents . . .
- 5—Travel Accidents . . .

NO OCCUPATIONAL RESTRICTIONS!

The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy places no restrictions on the occupation of a Policyholder. Persons engaged in any legitimate and usual means of earning a living, as well as housewives and children, are eligible. In addition, there are no restrictions on where you may live, and you may travel wherever you wish, according to the terms of the policy!

NOT CONTESTABLE!

TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy contains valuable In-contestability Clause. Be sure to learn about this protection! Send for your FREE Information NOW!

FREE COUPON MAIL IT! TODAY!

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE CO.
8190 Times Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

Please send me FREE Information on your Triple Indemnity Policy.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

*Fill in coupon. Clip and paste to
Postal Card or mail in envelope.*

POOKLEY POOKLEY

by Don
Dean



"BARREL, HAID' BROWN / WHUT FO IS YOU RUNNIN' ROUND WIFF OUT YO' PANTS? THA'S AGIN TH' LAW!"

HUMPH!
LAW, HE SEZ, WHEN WE IS IN TH' MIST OF A TERRIBLE CRIME WAVE!



CRIME WAVE? WHUT YO' MEAN, BARREL-HEAD?

WHILE AH WUZ DOWN LOOKIN' OVAH THET NEW MEDICINE SHOW, SOME SKONK SWIPED MAH PANTS, WALLET AN' ALL BEFO' AH EVEN KNOWED ET! (SOB)













THERE IS SOMETHING "FISHY" ABOUT THIS STRANGER ALL RIGHT! AND NEXT MONTH'S STORY WILL BE CHUCK FULL OF THRILLS AND CHILLS !!!

THE BLACK HOOD

The AMUSEMENT PARK MURDERS!

I, THE BLACK HOOD, SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT NEITHER THREATS NOR BRIBES NOR EVEN DEATH ITSELF WILL KEEP ME FROM FULFILLING MY VOW—TO ERASE CRIME FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

SCENE THE BOARDWALK OF AN AMUSEMENT PARK WHERE KIP BURLAND, REALLY THE BLACK HOOD, IS WAITING FOR HIS GIRL FRIEND REPORTER, BARBARA SUTTON!

CAN THAT GIRL EVER BE IN TIME FOR AN APPOINTMENT?

SAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THAT ROLLER COASTER!

HMM— FUNNY—OH WELL, I SUPPOSE BUSINESS IS SLOW!

SLOWLY, THE COASTER CRAWLS TO THE PEAK; HOVERS PRECAVOUSLY, AND—



--PLUNGES DIZZILY DOWNWARD-- OFF THE TRACKS, INTO SPACE----

NOW! WHAT A DROP!! UNLESS I WEE MY GUESS, THE VICTIM WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT TO LOOK AT!

DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

HOLY HANNAH! IT'S MR. WEST, THE BOSS!

HANLEY! HANLEY! WAS--WAS THAT MY FATHER IN THE COASTER?

I'M AFRAID IT WAS, MISS WEST!

THE BOSS MUSTA GONE UP TO TEST THE EQUIPMENT!

THAT GIRL, I PRESUME IS HIS DAUGHTER!

YES! AN' IM DODDS THE MANAGER! I CANT UNDERSTAND HOW SUCH AN ACCIDENT--

ACCIDENT, MY EYE! ONE OF THESE WHEELS WAS TAMPERED WITH!

THEN THERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! HANLEY, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! HE KNEW HE WAS GONNA BE FIRED!

THAT'S A LIE, DODDS AND YOU KNOW IT!

JUST THE SAME I'D ADVISE YOU TO STICK AROUND TIL THE COPS GET HERE!

GOOD IDEA, DODDS! THIS IS DEFINITELY A CASE FOR THE POLICE!

DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT RUNNIN' AWAY! IF THE COPS WANT ME, I'LL BE AROUND!

IF THE OLD WATCHMAN MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKENED AMUSEMENT PARK, A PAIR OF POLICE BRUSH OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND...



MEANWHILE...





THE COPS'LL GIVE ME ALL THE HELP I NEED, ALICE... NOW, GWAN AN' RUN ALONG, YOU!

HAW... YOU BEEN AWFULLY ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF ME... OKAY, I'LL LEAVE!

I AM! AND I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO PROVE IT!



AND I'LL HELP YOU ANY WAY I CAN!

OKAY BOYS! WE'LL BE SHOOTIN' THE WORKS-- STARTIN' TOMORROW!



EXCUSE ME, AUSE! I PRESUME YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF THE MURDERED PARK OWNER!

YES! IN ALICE WEST! YOU SEEM POSITIVE THAT MY FATHER WAS MURDERED!

THEN BEGIN A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS...



AND THEN ONE NIGHT A SIGNIFICANT ITEM APPEARS IN THE NEWSPAPERS... SIGNIFICANT, THAT IS, TO THE EYES OF MR. BURLAND...







AT LAST THE HOOD BURSTS TO THE SURFACE DISCOVERS HE IS IN THE OCEAN AND IMMEDIATELY MAKES FOR SHORE AND IS CHALLENGED BY AN ARMY PATROLMEN!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE? FRIEND OR FOE?

FRIEND! DON'T SHOOT!

THERE'S A SUB IN THESE WATERS-- AND WE CAN GET IT IF WE ACT FAST! ARE YOU WITH ME?

Y-YES, HOOD! BUT--BUT JUST WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?

THE HOOD RELATES HIS PLAN--

OKAY, NOW GET GOING AND MEET ME BY THE POOL!

OH! DODDS AND HIS ENTIRE GANG! GOOD!

THE SUB'S IN NOW! START LOADING THE SUPPLIES INTO THE OUTLET PIPE!

NOT SO FAST, YOU FIFTH COLUMN RAT!

BLACK HOOD!

THOUGHT YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF ME, EH!

CLUNK

GOOD BOYS! NOW CARRY IT DOWN AND PUT IT IN THE DRAIN PIPE OF THIS EMPTY POOL!

WHERE YOU GUYS ARE GOING, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DO LOTS OF THINKING!

SLAP

HERE WE ARE, HOOD, WITH A MOTOR PROPELLED TORPEDO!

RIGHT IN THERE!
THAT'S RIGHT--
EASY DOES IT,
NOW, FELLOWS!



OKAY!
LET HER
GO!

I STILL
DON'T
GET IT,
HOOD!



THERE'S A NAZI SUB AT THE
OTHER END OF THE PIPE
WAITING FOR SUPPLIES!
GET IT NOW!

HOW!
AND HOW
I DO!

BOY! AND
ARE THEY
GONNA GET
IT! IN JUST
ABOUT HALF
A MOMENT!



YIPEE!
WE GOT
HER!

BOOM!



WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE REST OF
THESE RATS, HOOD!
HOW DO YOU GET WISE
TO THEIR SET-UP
ANYWAY?

WELL, THE OWNER AND
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN
WERE DEFINITELY
MURDERED; SO THE
FIRST THING I DID
USED WAS TO FIND
THE MOTIVE!

STUDYING THE MAP OF THIS
PARK GAVE ME MY FIRST
CLUE! THE DRAIN PIPE
STRETCHES PRETTY FAR
INTO THE OCEAN ---
TOO FAR FOR PRAC-
TICAL PURPOSES! AND
IT ALSO SEEMED PRETTY
WIDE FOR A DRAIN PIPE.
JUST TO EMPTY OUT THE
POOL! SO I INVESTIGATED ---
JUST AS THE OWNER AND THE
NIGHT WATCHMAN MUST HAVE
DONE! AND I ALMOST
MET THE SAME FATE!



LATER THAT EVENING ---

THAT'S QUITE A YARN
YOU GAVE ME ABOUT
CAPTURING THAT BEV
RING, KIP! THE LEAST
YOU COULD HAVE DONE
WAS TO GIVE ME A
RING AND LET ME IN
ON IT!

AFTER THE
WAY YOU
STOOD ME
UP, BARBARA, YOU
SHOULD BE ARRESTED
AS A SPY TOO FOR
SABOTAGING MY MORALE!

DON'T FORGET!
TO TUNE IN ON
THE BLACK HORSE
EVERY DAY ---
MONDAY
THROUGH
FRIDAY ---
ON
WOR,
THE MUTUAL
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM!

Readers' Page

EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THE UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF HIM OR HERSELF! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST., RM. 815, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

The Winner ---

--- AND HER WINNING LETTER!



MARY BELLAS
510 FIRST ST.
AMERDGE, PA.

Top Notch Laugh Comics is my favorite comic book. In fact it is so good I wish it would come out every week instead of every month. The character I enjoy most is Dotty and Little They are very enjoyable and give me a great deal of pleasure. I think Dotty is very cute.
Mary Bellas

HONORABLE MENTION



PATRICIA FITZPATRICK
1051 UNIVERSITY AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.



MARJORIE SWAIN
522 CONGRESS AVE.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



WALTER FLYTHE



ELL TESH
805 SCHAN ST.
LEXINGTON, N.C.



LUELLA WRIGHT
4324 PALMER RD.
BELLEVILLE, ILL.



BUFORD HIGGINS
430 BARRELL ST.
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.



EVELYN PRUITT
BOX 52
AVA, MO.



CURTIS PATTON
RT. 3 BOX 88-B
BRISTOW, OKLA.



MARY HOOD
ANGULA, MISS.



LEWIS GINSBERG
71 RUTHVEN ST.
ROXBURY, MASS.



SHIRLEY BRUNT
P.O. BOX 276
LA SALLE, COLO.



ALFREDA PERDICH
14 1/2 WALNUT ST.
NATRONA, PA.



VERNA TEMPLE
RT. 1 BOX 588
OSWEGO ORE.



MARY KUSTKA
52 TELEGRAPH ST.
SC. BOSTON, MASS.



MARTINA SCHUSTER
701 E. SUCKNER ST.
TUSCOLA, ILL.

SEÑOR SIESTA

by
Don
Dean

WE LAST LEFT
SIESTA WITH A DEADLY
SPEAR POISED OVER HIS
HEART OR WAS IT HIS
TUMMY? ANYWAY,
WE NOW FIND OUT
THAT ON THE
OTHER END OF
THIS LANCE ARE...
-- INJUNS!!

WOW!
INJUNS!

UGH! OUR
SEARCH OF
MANY MOONS
HAS ENDED!

YUP! HIM
JUST RIGHT
SIZE FOR
LOBO!

WAIT...
PLEASE...
MY FINE
FEATHERED
FRANS.. LET
US SMOKE
THE
PEACE
PIPE, SI?

UGH! NEXT
SMOKE, YOU
MAKUM WILL
BE IN UM
KETTLES
OF OUR
CAMP FIRES!

B.B. BOOT,
SEÑORES, ONLY
CANNIBALS EAT
PEEOPLE.. AND
YOU ARE INJUNS,
NO?

WE NO EATUM
YOU! YOU FOR
LOBO!











THE **BLACK HOOD**

WANTS YOU

TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE WOR, MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... AND TUNE IN! A TWIST OF THE DIAL.. AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS... WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD**. WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, WOR, N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN M.L.J. PUBLICATION.. YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD STATION WOR, N.Y.C. N.Y.**

SNOOP McGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH

by ED GOGGIN





AND HE THINKS HE'S A MAGICIAN AND A DETECTIVE? HE PLAYS TRICKS ON EVERYONE INCLUDING HIMSELF!



CAUGHT YOU AGAIN, BY JOVE!

DROP IT, YOU CAD!



GAD, MAN, DID YOU SEE THAT? CAUGHT MYSELF ABOUT TO PICK MY OWN POCKET! I'M EVEN TOO CLEVER FOR MYSELF!

HUBERT, THIS IS



HERE COME THE CATERERS! WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A WALK!

AND WATCH OUT FOR THE OLD GUY! HE'S A BUG!



IMAGINE PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A NUT!



DID YOU SAY NUTS? JUST WATCH THIS CLEVER LITTLE SQUIRREL TAKING ACORNS FROM THAT BIG CHAP!



WHY THAT'S WALDO!



REALLY? OH, I SAY, MEGOOK HOW ARE YOU FEELING? MAYBE WE HAD BETTER BE GETTING ON!







GOSH! THANK YOU, SIR!

AND HERE IS A LITTLE BOOK I THINK YOU'LL ENJOY READING!



MY, MY! WHAT A DAY AND WHAT PEOPLE! OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN WELL PAID!



SAY, WALDO, THIS PLACE LOOKS GOOD! STOP YOUR CHATTERING!



AH, THAT WAS SUPERB.

WAITER, BRING UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF VALEAU '26 ... HANG IT ALL, WE'RE CELEBRATING!



HEH, HEH, INTERESTING BUT A BIT AMATEURISH HMMM.

OH, WAITER, THE CHECK, PLEASE!



HMM, THAT'S FUNNY



WHY I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER PUTTING THE MONEY IN MY POCKET AS HE STOOD THERE WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND WITH ONE HAND ON MY SHOULDER. OH, MY GOSH!



HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WORE A TRICK COAT WITH PHONEY ARMS. GIMME A HAND WILL YA WALDO!

TRUE FACT STORY

By ANONYMOUS

LET he who laughs with criminal scorn at the true axiom "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" be counseled by those who know.

Twelve years ago the author shared a cell on "One Row" in the east building of the Texas Prison with James Gillespie, better known to the inmates and officials as "Dago," or Steeple-Jack. As might be assumed, Dago was of Italian descent, dark, robust and of medium height. He boasted that he could climb the tallest spire of human architecture with grace and ease. He said other climbers might call themselves "human flies" but that he could go still higher; therefore he was entitled to the title of Human Fly Speck.

Now all of this mighty claim was all right with the officials of the Texas Prison, and it was a problem solved for the warden. There was always a smokestack to be painted, a perilous building corner to be repaired or the huge cylindrical water tower in the prison yard to be painted. And, again, there was the great "Hell Clock" over the main administration building of the

prison which had to be cleaned of bird's nests and rust every Spring. The clock must be kept ticking to toll away the lives of men in white in the prison yard below and for those waiting for the walk of "the last mile" down in the death house. Still a more perilous job was the slender flagpole punching into the sky above the Hell Clock and the belfry. It suddenly became Dago's ambition to climb that flagpole and hug the tin ball atop the slender rod. He knew that the warden's one weakness was to have the prison under his wardenship as clean and neat as possible.

"That ball should gleam 'way up there in the sky," Dago said, "and I'm the human fly speck that can shinny that flagpole and do it."

And that was what got Dago the desired permission. However, the warden felt that Dago would bear watching just as hundreds of other long termers who had a few diversified boasts of their own, and especially so since Dago had already chosen two long-term convicts to assist him. Their job was to hoist the necessary

material up to the human fly speck after he had wormed his way up the slender pole to the tin ball. But there were plenty of extra guards around anyway. He selected one, assigned him to the job of guarding the trio, and went back to his office, which was all right with Dago.

Dago went about his business industriously and by nine o'clock everything was ready—all but one thing. The guard wasn't ready for Dago and his assistants to "go home." Nor was the guard who paced the tower directly across the street from the entrance, or any of the other guards on the towers around the wall. They were all very much alive. Dago had been watching the steady pacing and quick turns of the khaki-uniformed men with the gleaming high-powered rifles on their shoulders from his precarious perch on the flagpole. He knew that a gun-play was out of the question. But Dago was not going to use a gun for the simple reason that he did not have one. Nor did the guard inside the clock tower deem it necessary to carry one. He was not going to let his charges get out

of his sight anyway. The guard across the street and the two corner tower guards on the wall running east and west controlled the street and there were still more guards below. If they tried anything funny he would just call down the stairway leading up to the clock. The two assistants were standing in plain sight on the barren roof out there and he knew that Dago wasn't going to sprout wings and disappear from the tin ball, which had already taken on a golden color under the energetic strokes of the human fly speck's industrious brush. It was much too far to the ground in the street below for Dago to jump, so the guard sat down in the cool shade of the clock room. When the boys finished he would escort them down the stairway, report to the guard inside the steel cage in the "Bull Ring" and wave them through the steel doors leading back into the prison yard. That was what he thought, perhaps, and the natural thing to do, but Dago, the human fly speck, had other plans.

"Come on, boys, if you're finished," said the guard. But Dago was already half through the window into the clock room. It was a quick movement, an unexpected one. The

guard was already muffled, strong and smelly hands were already over his mouth. He felt the stout rope from the block and tackle by which the assistants had hoisted paint up to the human fly speck being tightened around his neck with a choking tautness. They were taking his clothes off, but he couldn't protest through the strong gag over his mouth. They would get what was coming to them for this when they reached the bottom of the stairs, and the guards down there became aware of an escape. That was what he thought. The human fly speck had another idea. He was already pulling the guard's clothes on. He smiled complacently as he buttoned the last button of the coat.

"Just a fit—wouldn't I make a good guard?" And then, "Chuck him over in the corner," he commanded of his aids. "Hurry up and get down them stairs and don't open your traps when we get to the bottom—leave it to me."

They stepped into the hall which was bustling with activity. Convict bookkeepers, trustees and guards were everywhere, darting from office to office across the hall through the "Bull Ring" doors. Some were searching prisoners, others were waiting to usher

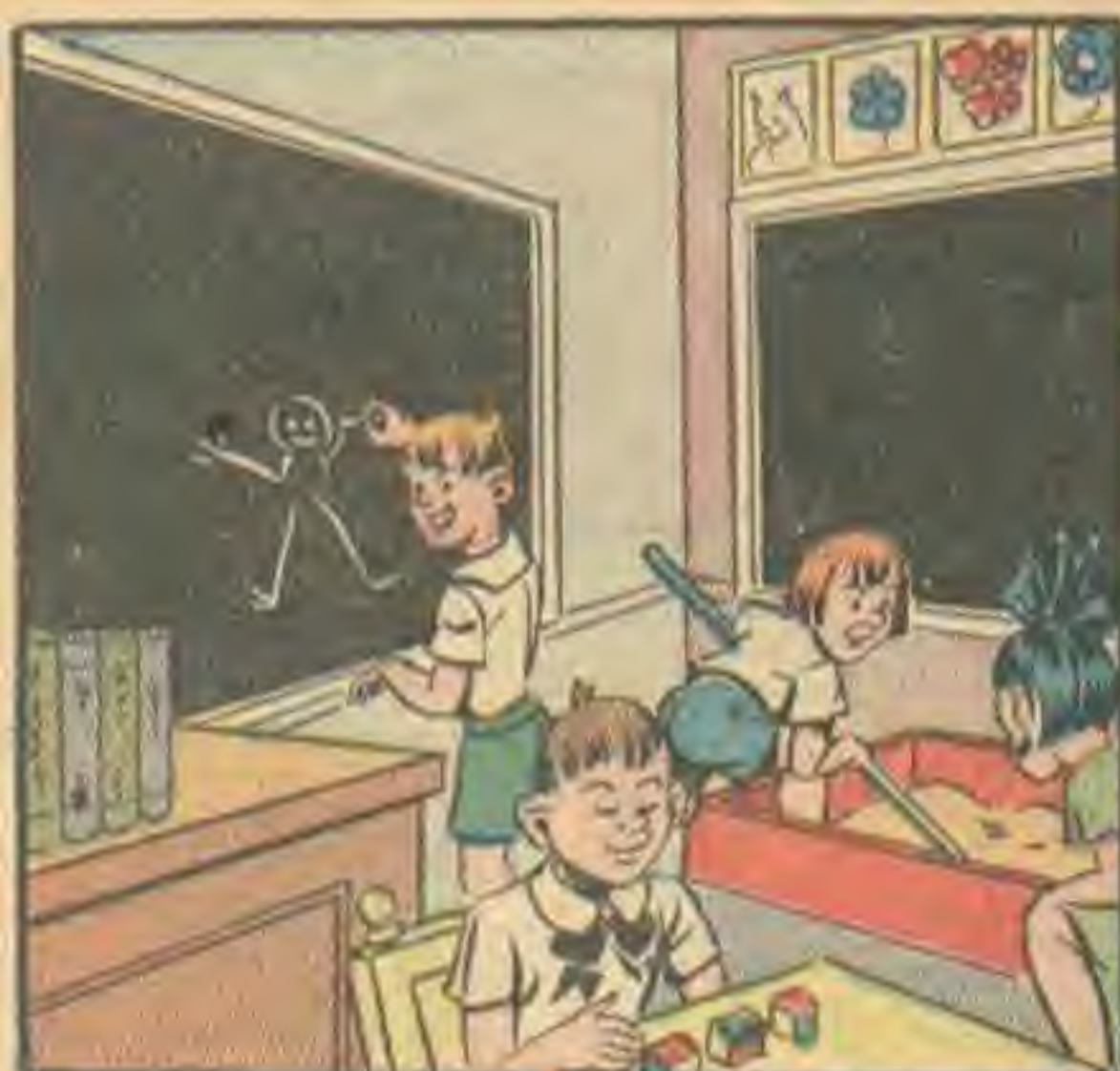
visitors through the prison. All were alert, ever watchful. They were watching now.

The human fly speck saw it all with a glance from the bottom of the stair. He saw the man in the gun cage watching him closely, saw him scan the two life-term convicts directly in front of him. Then Dago showed that he could not only out-do most human flies by shinning a slender rod to hug a tin ball and paint it, but that he could act. That was why he had stripped the guard of his uniform, wasn't it? He raised his right hand in signal to the guard in the steel cage. "Taking a couple of men to town, here, boss," his husky voice sang out. "Go on!" said the guard in the cage, turning his attention to the bustling hallway and "Bull Ring."

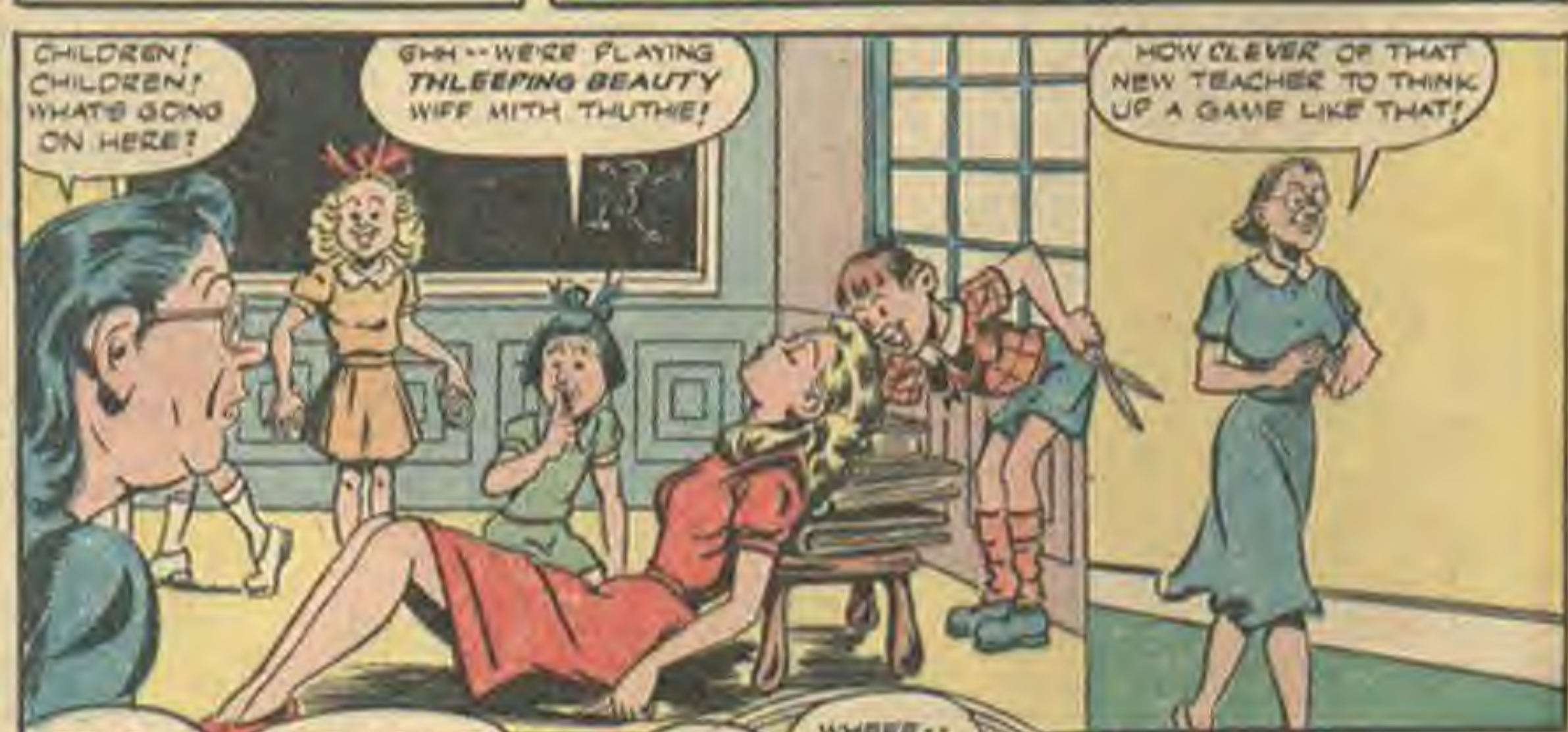
And that is how "Dago" James Gillespie escaped from the Texas Prison a little over twelve years ago. Did they catch him? Yes, they caught him as they always do. When a thief goes to sleep, about half of the nation's cops wake up. A thief has one shift—while he is awake. He almost always gets "knocked off" on the other shift. Dago was brought back. He was finally made a trusty and then granted clemency.

SUZIE













GOOD GRIEF! MAYBE ONE OF THE CHILDREN FELL OUT!



I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ANY CLOSER! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A HINT, KIDDIES!

YOU'RE GETTING WARM NOW, TEACHER!

JUST KEEP ON GOING!



AH! RIGHT INTO THE GORBY!

AAIEEE!



OOOMPH!



MISS CRUMPET!



OH! QUICK! GET ME A PEN AND PAPER, KIDDIES!

HERE IT IS, TEACHER!

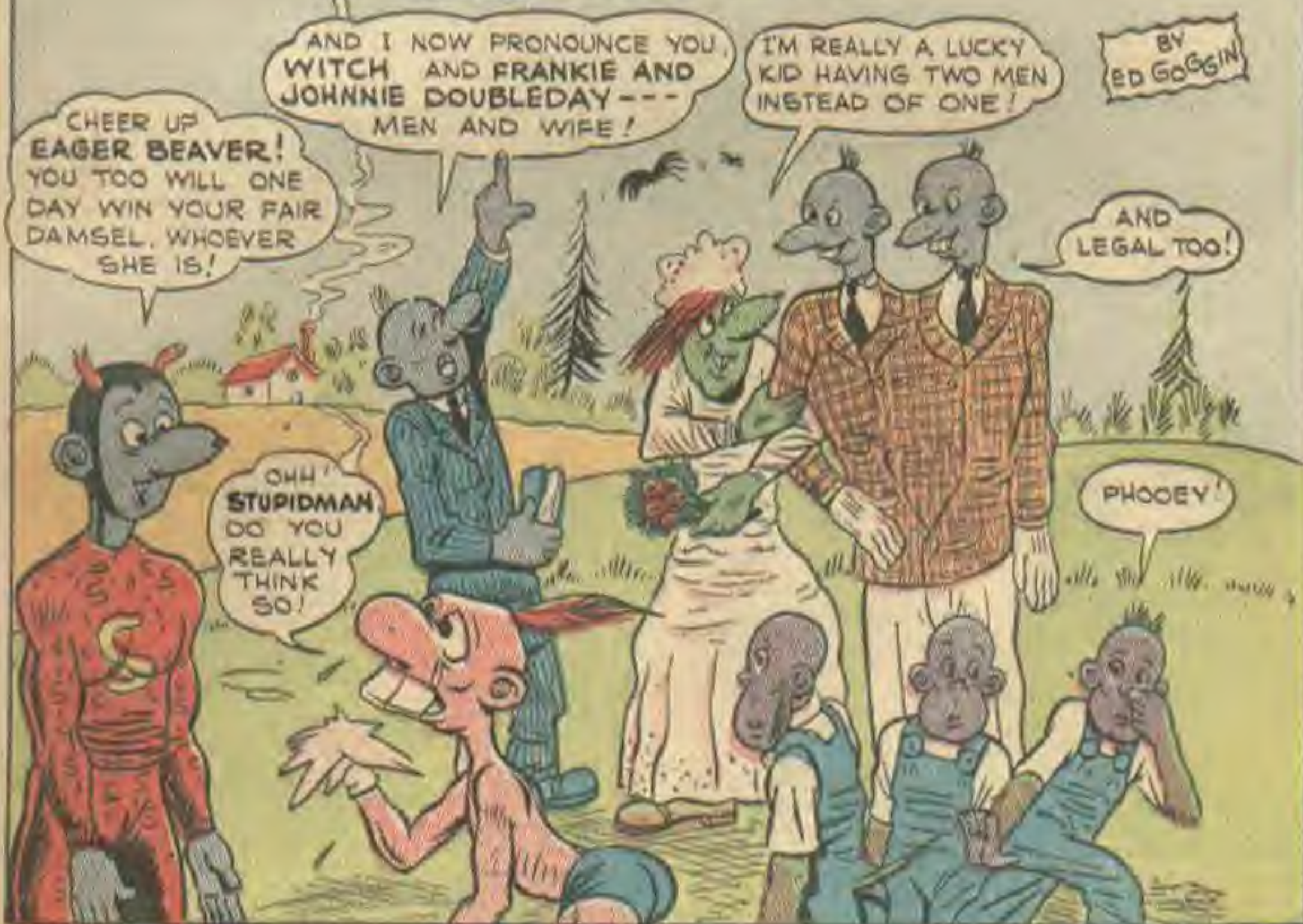


I hereby submit my resignation to be effective at once
Suzie

The 3 Monkeyteers

and STUPIDMAN

BY
ED GOGGIN



MY GOSH, MONKEYTEERS, DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A TENDER TOUCHING SCENE? SHE MAKES A LOVELY BRIDE, DON'T SHE?



OH, STUPIDMAN, WHAT SHALL I DO? LITTLE FAWN WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ME! SHE SAYS I AM A NOBODY!

AH HA... YOU NEED CHEERING UP, WATCH THIS!







NONE OTHER THAN
THE ONE AND ONLY
HALF HORSE!

STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP

WHY, YOU
SILLY LOOKING
IN-BETWEEN?
I'LL... I'LL...

SHHH NOW,
NOW... I WAS
ONLY FOOLING!
LISTEN TO MY
PLAN!



HERE'S HOW WE WILL
WIN LITTLE FAWN FOR
EAGER BEAVER!

STUPIDMAN,
FIRST YOU
WILL... BZZ!

AND THEN
MONKEYTEERS
YOU GO... BZZ!

OH, THANK YOU... LITTLE
FAWN LIVES UP THERE AND
WILL SEE IT ALL... GO
AHEAD, HALF HORSE!



OKAY
BUT...

JUST
FOR
E.B.



AHHA... THIS IS
YOUR FINISH!

OH MERCY
WOON'T SOME-
ONE SAVE
ME?



NO ONE
CAN SAVE
YOU NOW!

I WILL SAVE
YOU! STOP
THAT INHUMAN
CONDUCT, YOU
FIEND

HEY UNH
TAKE IT
UNH EASY!



SEE HERE YOU! NO
ONE CAN HARM THE
WEAK WHILE EAGER
BEAVER IS ABOUT!

GIDDY-AP! I WILL SHOW YOU WHO IS BOSS! I AM GREATER EVEN THAN GENE OAKTREE!



TAKE THAT AND THIS!



OWWWW! OH, PLEASE, EAGER BEAVER, I WILL BEHAVE!

YOU BET YOU WILL! I AM YOUR MASTER!



AND DON'T EVER COME BACK, YOU VARMINT!



OH, EAGER, LOOK BEHIND YOU!

DO NOT BE AFRAID, STUPIDMAN! IT IS ONLY A FIERCE AND HORRIBLE DRAGON!



OH DEAR!

OH DEAR, WHAT WOULD ANY OF US DO WITHOUT YOU?



FEAR NOT, STUPIDMAN! EAGER BEAVER WILL PROTECT YOU!

YOU CANNOT BE A DETRIMENT TO THE COMMUNITY, SIR! TAKE THAT!





HEY!
LOOK!
STUPID-
MAN
FAINTED!

WHY THE SILLY
ROMANTIC BOY! HE
SWOONED JUST
BECAUSE WE'RE GET-
TING MARRIED IN JUNE!



YOU ARE THE ONE FOR
ME, EAGER BEAVER! I
AM FOREVER YOURS!



LATER! HA, HA DON'T BE SO
SERIOUS! HOW WAS I TO
KNOW LITTLE FAWN WAS
ACTUALLY RUNNING SOW
FROM POLECAT RIDGE!

HA HA I ENJOYED
MYSELF ANYWAY!



YOU'VE BEEN
ENJOYING YOURSELF
ALL DAY... NOW...



GO LONG, MONKEYTEERS!
I MUST REPORT FOR DUTY
AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN
AND WILL SEE YOU LATER!



HE DESERVED IT!



I SAW THE WHOLE THING
AND THE HANDSOME ONE
WHO JUST RAN OFF IS
BRAVE AND KIND!
WHO IS HE?



ALL RIGHT THEN DON'T TELL ME!
I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF AND I'M
SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE
ME! WAIT AND SEE!



WHO IS THIS BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE? WILL SHE
FIND STUPIDMAN?
AND LEARN HIS TRUE
IDENTITY WILL HE BE
GLAD TO SEE HER?
DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S ISSUE OF
**TOP-NOTCH LAUGH
COMICS!!!**

DROP US A LINE THE
BEST LETTER WILL WIN
A PICTURE OF ANYONE
APPEARING IN "THE
3 MONKEY-TEERS"

BEST LETTER THIS
MONTH IS FROM
BOBBY STOLBAUGH
415 E. 30TH ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST



YA KNOW ITS SENSELESS OF US GO-
ING ALL THE WAY BACK TO HEAVEN
GABBY-- MAYBE WE COULD CALL ST.
PETE ON THE PHONE AND HE CAN
TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND A

COUPLE OF
BODIES,
HUH!

NOW YER TALKING, GUS!
LET'S STOP OVER ON THAT
CLOUD AND PUT THE
CALL THROUGH! ANYWAY
I'M TOO TIRED TO TRAVEL
ALL THAT WAY BACK TO
HEAVEN!

BY
RED HOLMIDALE
STORY BY
ED COBBIN

GLOOMY GUS
CONTINUES TO
ROAM AROUND--
UNTIL A BODY
THAT FITS HIM
CAN BE FOUND!
SO YOU SEE HE'S
REALLY UNLUCKIER
THAN MOST
FOR DYING
BEFORE HIS
TIME WAS UP--
HE'S BECOME
A HOMELESS
GHOST!



WHATCHA
KNOW HERE'S
AN EMPTY
BOOTH! CAN
HARDLY BE-
LIEVE IT!

YES! THAT'S RIGHT OPERA-
TOR! I WANT HEAVENLY
EXCHANGE 7-7698! AND
HURRY IT THROUGH, WILL
YOU? REVERSE THE
CHARGES, OF COURSE!



ST. PETER! I'LL SEE IF HE'LL
ACCEPT THE CHARGES--
ONE MINUTE PLEASE-- WILL
YOU HOLD THE WIRE?







THE AWAITED MOMENT COMES!

WITH YOUR KIND ATTENTION
I SHALL NOW BEGIN THE
GREAT EXPERIMENT!



FIRST OF ALL I'M GOING TO
CHOP THE ICE AWAY AND
THEN I SHALL ATTEMPT
TO CONVERSE WITH THESE
MEN WHOSE TONGUES
HAVE BEEN SILENCED
FOR THIS LONG
PERIOD OF
TIME!



I DON'T CARE VERY MUCH FOR
THIS IDEA OF
PICKING ON
ME FIRST!



ALL OVER THE COUNTRY,
WIVES HUM WITH THIS
GREAT STORY ACROSS
THE MILES---



AND IN EVERY HOME---

ELMER, THE
DISHES ARE
READY TO
BE DRIED
NOW!

SHH! JUST ONE
MORE MINUTE
DEAR! THOSE
NEANDERTHALS
MAY SPEAK
ANY MINUTE!



AND THE NEWSPAPERS---



EVEN IN ST. PETER'S REALM!

TWO OF OUR BOYS! SURE
ARE DOING OK FOR
THEMSELVES!



AH, AT LAST-- I'VE GOT
'EM BOTH CHOPPED
OUT! NOW FOR MY
TRIUMPH!



A TENSE MOMENT FOLLOWS AS
EVERYONE AWAITS THE DECISION--
WILL THESE MEN FROM THE
PAST COME TO LIFE??







DOTTY AND DITTO CUT-OUTS

FASHIONS ON THIS PAGE
FOR DOTTY AND DITTO
SUGGESTED BY—

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EVALYN RUNYAN,
SUMMERDALE, ALA.
MAY RITA,
DORCHEST, MASS.

SEND IN YOUR OWN
FASHION CUT-OUT IDEAS
TO ME IN CARE OF
LAUGH COMICS
150 W. BROADWAY,
N.Y., NEW YORK!

BILL
WOGGON



DITTO'S
COSTUME

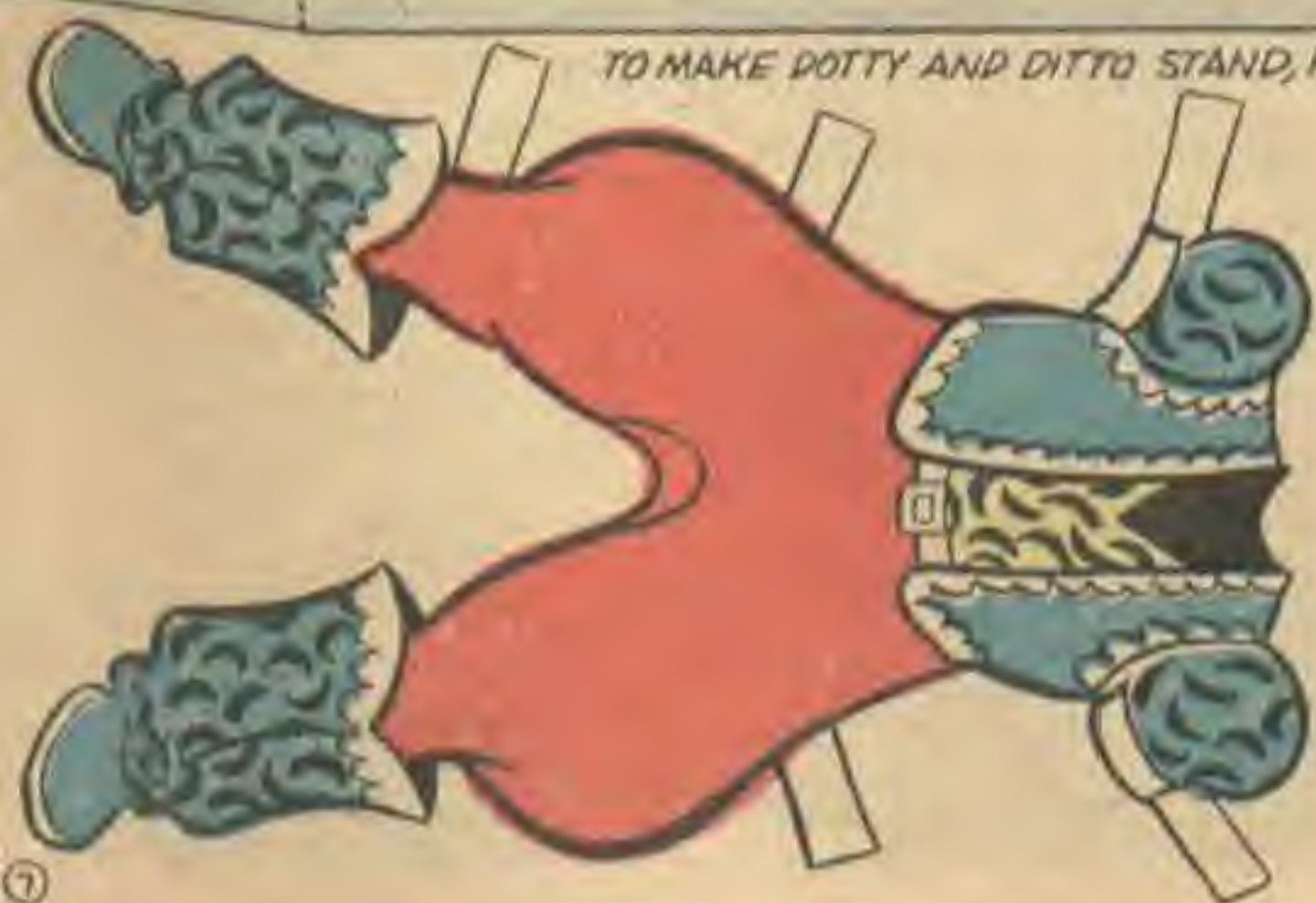
DITTO,
PODNUH, AH
COULD STAND
SOME NEW
CLOTHES, TOO!



FOLD

FOLD

TO MAKE DOTTY AND DITTO STAND, PASTE ON CARDBOARD FIRST, THEN CUT-OUT



DOTTY'S
COSTUME

Nov. T. N. 49

DOTTY AND DITTO

at The CHAMPIONSHIP RODEO



AS THE SCENE OPENS WE FIND DOTTY AND DITTO WITH THEIR INDIAN PAL, DOTTUM, LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO EARN SOME HARD CASH!



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTS, TONIGHT I'LL OFFER \$500 TO ANYONE WHO CAN STAY ON THIS STEER CALLED "THE BLACK PANTHER" FOR TWO MINUTES!!

GOSH! \$500!
--- AN WE NEED THAT MONEY TO SAVE GRAN'PAPPY'S RANCH THAT'S UP FO' AUCTION!

DITTO!
PODNUH!



GIVE THE BOYS
WITH THE "RED"
SHIRTS THE
HIGH SIGN!

OKAY, BLACKY,
HERE THEY
ARE!

YIPPEE!

SNORT!

WHOOPS!

WHOOPS!

WHOOOP!

NOW IS THERE ANYONE ELSE?
\$500 CASH!! WHAT?
NO RIDERS---I'LL MAKE IT
\$750!!

\$1000
CASH!

GOSH! \$1000!
WE JUS' GOTTA
RIDE HIM NOW!!

UGH!

DITTO!





C'MON, MISTUH
BLACK, GIVE US
THET \$2,000!

HEY, ONE-EYE, TAKE THESE
BRATS OUT AN' TIE 'EM
UP AN' TAKE CARE OF
THEM AFTER THE
BLACKOUT!!!

OKAY,
BLACKY!

NEXT DAY ON A ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN

(SNIFF!) AH'VE FAILED AGAIN!
-- AN' MAH GRAN'PAPPY SHO'
NEEDED THET MONEY!

DITTO!
(SNIFF!)

DRY UM TEARS, DOTTY,
DOTTUM GOTTUM WAMPUM
OUT OF MR. BLACKS POCKET
DURING BLACK-OUT! LOOK!

DOTTUM!
YO'RE A PEACH!!

WHILE DOTTY REJOICES--LET'S LOOK
BACK AT MR. BLACK'S RODEO!

BOSS, WE'RE SUNK! IT WASN'T
BAD ENOUGH THAT TH' KIDS RAN
OFF WITH THE \$2000-- ALL OUR
CUSTOMERS DEMANDED A
REFUND!-- WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'RE RUINED!!!

DON'T WORRY,
ONE-EYE, IT'S
ALL FIXED--
C'MON OVER AN
SEE OUR NEW
BUSINESS!

"THE BLACK
PANTHER" ALWAYS
LIKED BLACK, EH,
ONE-EYE?

C.L. **BLACK & CO.**
MARKET
CHOICE CUTS OF PRIZE BEEF!

STEAKS
CHOPS
HAMBURGER

CASH
AND
CARRY

THE BEST IN
HORSE MEAT
WEINERS

OPEN UNTIL 4:30

WATCH FOR MORE OF "DOTTY
AND DITTO" NEXT MONTH!

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

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4 BATTLESHIPS and 4 TANKS INCLUDED

Here's the most amazing offer that we have ever made! Imagine a big realistic bomber, fully colored, equipped with a secret bombsight and a large bomb bay holding several "block-buster" bombs, plus an automatic precision bomb release and 4 big enemy battleships and a large ocean battleground—also 4 fully camouflaged deadly-looking tanks and a real battlefield. You load the bomber, carefully sight the enemy through the bombsight, turn the bomb release—SOCKO, a direct hit. Read on—see how you can get yours absolutely FREE with this offer.

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This great book "How to Fly" has been edited by aviation experts. It contains over 200 pictures selected to teach the art, the science, and the fun of flying. IT IS VIRTUALLY A PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING COURSE! Tells why a plane flies—parts of a plane—how to operate controls—how to take off and land—flight maneuvers—stunting—dictionary of terms—and much, much, more. Now read and learn more about this amazing offer!



WITH THIS OFFER

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WITH THIS TRAINING COCKPIT AND PRE-FLIGHT COURSE

Here's the thrill that you have been dreaming about and waiting for. If you crave real flying sensations, here they are! This training cockpit is not a toy—it will provide exciting hours of fun and spine-tingling thrills for the entire family. It is a replica of a real airplane cockpit, combining fun with actual aviation instruction. Every instrument moves, every lever works. Sit in it! Switch on the ignition! Slowly advance the throttle, ease back the stick and ZOOM...you're off on the greatest adventure of your life...AND...it's absolutely safe!



Here's your machine gun and cannon sight. You see enemy planes pass before your gun sight. Spot your foe carefully in the cross hairs. Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes.



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Big 20 inch durable Wheel-Control that can be moved up and back, with wheel that can be turned to right and left just like those in real planes.

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Two Rudder Pedals are pushed down with right and left foot. Spring action causes them to come back up when foot pressure is released, giving you real plane action.



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Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill producers, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings yours, pay him \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge, or 2 sets for \$3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied that you got more than your money's worth, return in 5 days and we will refund purchase price. You take no risk.—ORDER TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. Simply pay postman \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival. BE SURE—ORDER NOW!

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INVENTION CO., FLIGHT 2311
38 Murray Street, New York, 7, N. Y.

- ☐ Rush my TRAINING COCKPIT and free gifts immediately. I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge when it arrives.
- ☐ Send me 2 TRAINING COCKPITS, complete with free gifts at the special price. I will pay postman only \$3.25 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival.
- I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

INVENTION CO., FLIGHT 2311

38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK, 7, N. Y.

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Plabby?

Will You Let Me Prove I Can Make You a New Man?



*Charles
Atlas*

Builder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."
As he looks to-
day, from actual
unimpaired snap-
shot.

Mail Coupon
For My
FREE Book

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115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, manly body and big muscle development. Send me free book, "Developing Health and Strength."

Name

(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City

State

☐ Check here if you're 18 or over. Send 1¢

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply relax your arms and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours like and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body as full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want hand-some, powerful muscles. Are you fat and lumpy? Or skinny and puny? Are you short-winded, feeble? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the greatest gifts, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **100-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the thrust! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the meagry, skinny-skinned weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at all-need muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" about unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, brooding over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

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In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language, packed with inspirational pictures of myself and people—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength. So what? Let me show you what I did for THEM so see what I can do for YOU! For a free trial, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3029 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

